GIRTONIAN

The Girtonian

Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen

Winnetka, Illinois

Dedicated by the
Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen
to

Katharine Fleming Branson

Residential Headmistress of
Girton School

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Prologue

Remember, all, 'twas said in days of old,
Celestial orbs upon their heavenly flight
With music rare enchanted all the night.
To whom among you has it not been told
The music of the spheres forever rolled
In mystic chorus through the realms of light?
In soul-uplifting wonder and delight
The thoughtful and the learned did it hold.
Within these pages, gleaming white and fair,
The songs of all the constellations sound,
And through the lofty dome of Girton sing.
Now hearken to the vibrant thrilling air,
And hear the heavenly chorus all around;
The music of the spheres doth sweetly ring.

Freshman Foreword

From far away within the Heaven's arch
A song scarce stronger than a whisper sounds
In thrilling sweetness from twelve tiny spheres.
The voices young and soft with hopes and fears,
Like rippling streamlets 'mid the *newborn green,*
With promise of a richer, fuller stream
When storms of life have swelled them full and deep,
And rushing loud, then murmuring softly creep.
I hark in silence to the song afar,
And wond'ring gaze upon each tiny star.
I know! the constellation of the freshmen, they,
That fare them forth in life with song and play.
Now list ye, I'll sing to you their song
E'er Heaven's winds have borne the notes along.

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An Autobiography of Christopher Columbus, a Freshman

With apologies to J. Miller

Behind me lies that haven, the Lower School, now fast receding into the dim distance. Before me are only endless days of toil and strife. But I have hope, I am a Freshman.

Foaming billows of Latin grammar engulf me; driving gales of Algebra shake my frail bark from stem to stern; but I still keep up, struggling with them. My watchword is "On! and on!"

Back yonder in the distance shines a sunny isle, "Indolence," tempting me with all the joys of forgotten lessons, and blissful hours passed in idleness. Yet, with a regretful sigh, I plough on through the fog and darkness. I say to myself, "Sail on, and on."

The rain of upperclassmen's words of scorn pours down around me, wetting my sails with discouragement, and ahead of me on the horizon looms up the terrifying black cloud of examinations. But I still keep up my flag of nerve and pluck. I am a Freshman, and my motto is: "Sail on, and on!"

Then I struggle on through "Examinations," and am almost overcome by the ever-present darkness, when suddenly there gleams ahead of me a speck, a light!—and then the whole glad burst of dawn! I am a Sophomore, and my watchword is still, "On, and on."

F. v. H. '16.

Sophomore Foreword

Now nearer sounds the music; still 'tis faint,
But stronger grows, with fullness in its tone,
And now I see ten twinkling stars appear;
With boldness on they shoot—not any sign of fear;
But seeking ever higher, swell their song
To find a place their sister stars among.
And list ye now unto such songs and "tails"
As every star and comet with it trails.

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A Tiresome Day for the School-room Clock

"Such a strenuous day!" sighed the big clock, looking down at the rows of empty desks and the moonlight lying in patches on the floor, and nodding to his friend, the waste-basket.

"Girls are strange creatures! Their antics are really amusing to watch, but they fatigue me sometimes. And they never seem to know what good care I take of them! However I am a faithful creature, and attend to my business, except when I get worn out and run-down, as I did last week. This is the first day of my recovery, and it has been rather lively.

"Tell us about it," said the waste-basket in a soothing voice. "Perhaps it will relieve your spirits to talk."

"Well, to begin with, the first sight that met my eyes this morning, after Mr. Cooke wound me up, was a great shock. A senior, a dignified senior, was sitting at her desk, with her hair hanging down her back! I nearly missed a tick! And then, two or three more girls came giggling in, with their hair either floating behind them or tied with gay ribbons. And by the time all had assembled in their seats, and were looking young again, I quieted down."

"And then when my hand was just pointing to ten minutes to nine, there sounded a rush upon the stairs, and another girl burst in upon the expectant stillness of the room and dashed to her seat. But some unlucky foot was projecting into the aisle, and she landed upon her knees . . . ! Fortunately after all that trouble she wasn't marked tardy, for I had slowed down a moment in compassion for her."

"Yes," laughed the waste-basket, "that was quite a diversion. And now do you remember any other amusing incidents?"

"Well, I should hardly call them amusing. I love peace and order, but the girls seemed to enjoy them. In the first period when the room was peaceful we had a strange visitor. A big, tawny collie, shedding mud at every wag of his tail, sauntered calmly into the room, and began to inspect the desks with a few curious barks. After a short chase, he was hastily removed, but not quickly enough to prevent giggling for the rest of that period."

"And then later during the morning the steam-pipe began to be boisterous. It burst out with such a mighty volley of crashes that the room shook, and I was really frightened. But the girls saw the funny side of the matter, and that period also was disturbed."

The clock paused for breath, and then as the recollection of another period occurred to him, he began again. "And, do you remember? Some mischief-seeking girl had silenced the electric-bell, so that when the signal for the second period had to be given, they were forced to clash a tambourine—a nerve-racking process."

"Oh yes, it was a tiresome morning," agreed the clock again. "And to end it all, two girls had to race across the tops of their desk-lids before going home, until I shook in sympathy for them. (The desks, not the girls, I mean!)"

"Well, now that that dancing over at Knollsea has ceased, perhaps we can rest. Good-night!"

"Good-night," replied the waste-basket; and the school-room was left in silence, except for the ticking of the clock, which be-

came less and less regular. Finally with a muttered, "I've done . . . . . .my duty . . . . . well, I've . . . . kept . . . watch . . all d'," it stopped entirely, and only the singing of the wind among the trees was heard through the open window. The day's turmoil had been too much for the old clock.

Junior Foreword

I hear a carol gay and bright,
A song that fills me with delight,
A score of stars in splendor dight
Give radiance to the enchanted night,
And sweetness fills the air.
The Junior constellation sings;
A volume rich and full it brings;
The dome of Girton rings and rings
With tone like trumpets' blare.

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SPECIAL

Geraldine Dennis

The Fairies' Ball

'Twas the early flush of June.
All the jewelled starlets bright
And the shining golden moon
Smiled upon the summer night.

Gentle zephyr wand'ring idly,
Seeking for the northern star,
Sweeping o'er the June world widely
Came from western lands afar.

Soft! What comes upon yon moonbeam,
Flying down in shining maze?
Borne upon the dancing moon-gleam,
'Tis the joyous band of boys,

All in rainbow hues a-glitter,
And with dust of stars alight,
Through the joyous hours they flitter
On a perfect summer's night.

On her throne, and borne by pages,
(Princely proud they bear themselves.)
Sung by poets through the ages
Comes Titania, queen of elves.

Down upon the moonlit sward,
To the lilt of fairy strains
Dance the pleasure-seeking horde,
Fairy dames in flowered trains,

Lords in lilac and in yellow,
Blue and pink of countless shades,
Silken-clad, each gay small fellow
Frolics with the fairy maids.

Lady Violet, sweet and tender,
In her velvet robe of blue,
Lady Lily, fair and slender,
Lady Rose of gorgeous hue.

Fairy footsteps dancing fleetly
In the old moon's magic light,
Fairy music, loudly, sweetly,
Speed the hours in magic flight.

Swiftly sped the hours till morning,
Soon the dawn's first rosy ray
Sent ts signal light of warning,
"Fairies, fly! 'Tis near to day!"

See the fairy figures flying
E'er the coming of the light!
Hear the fairy music dying
With the dying of the night.

It is morn! The wood birds sing
Of their fair and wondrous find.
'Tis a great, green, mystic ring
That the fairies left behind!

A. Q. R., '15.

Lower School Foreword

A host of tiny starlets rise
About me in the brilliant skies,—
The Milky Way!
They frolic there with many a dance,
And whisper soft as they advance
In merry play.

Katharine Adams
Grace Andrews
Margaret Boyden
Elizabeth Boyden
Alice Barnhart
Elizabeth Baker
Alice Boak
Virginia Buck
Frances Badger
Marion Blatchford
Elsie Blatchford
Judith Boddie
John Boddie
Betty Burnet
Elizabeth Caldwell
Elizabeth Copeland
Carolyn Case
Alice Clague
Francis Cooke, Jr.
Lawrence Cooke
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Edith Dillon
Ellen Maria Dryden
Caroline de Windt
Alice de Windt
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Dorothy Klotz
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Marcella Mettler
Barbara Mettler
Grace Merrill
Elizabeth Merrill
Mary Miller
Rosalinda Mac Bean
Margaret MacCaughey
Dorothy Magie
Harriet L. May
Katharine Mordock
William Magie
Lois Nelson
Barbara Nicholls
Mary Ott
Lesley Pope
Nancy Porter
Helen Pope
Caroline Poppenhusen
Eleanor Poppenhusen
Kathryn Stevens
Eleanor Stevens
Margaret Snell
Joan Stuart
Emily Scott
Helen Schulze
Isabel Schulze
Elizabeth Schulze
Ellen Stuart
Marie Louise Syme
Leslie Thorne
Beatrix Thorne
Frances Thorne
Martha Whito
John Weeds
Carol Whitman
Frances Wood
Marion Walker
Helen Wagner
Virginia Wilson
Mildred Yerkes

Mother Hildegard

Chapter I.

The beautiful spring sunshine on the woods and meadows offered a most cordial welcome to Mother Hildegard, as she wandered along looking for some lost baby lamb to mother.

Mother Hildegard was a beautiful young woman. She had been married to a prince by the name of Prince Rupert but he had been killed by a dragon and his wife was left alone in the world. She had a dear little girl but the king of the mountains had carried her far far away. Her mother had tried to follow the king but had been lost in the woods.

All the flowers and birds and plants called her Mother Hildegard.

As she wandered along she heard the cries of a small child, and she ran to the spot and there on the grass lay a sweet baby. Mother Hildegard lifted her gently in her arms and carried her to her dear little home made of green grass and the floor was of woven star flowers.

The baby cuddled down in Mother Hildegard's arms and fell fast asleep.

Mother Hildegard left the baby and went to the Wise Old Mister Rooke to ask him what to do with the baby.

Mr. Rooke said, "It is my advice that you keep the baby, for its mother has surely left it to die."

But Mr. Rooke, would it be right for me to name it and keep it as my own?"

Take it home Mother Hildegard, and mother it as your own child. Seek no more for the dear little child you lost but keep this one."

Then Mother Hildegard thanked Mr. Rooke and went home with a happy heart.

Chapter II

Mother Hildegard named her little child June-Flower, for she had found her in the month of June.

June-Flower grew to be a most beautiful girl, and at the age of eighteen she said goodbye to mother Hildegard and wandered away to a strange land for she wished to find May-Flower and bring her back to her mother.

As she was walking alone through a forest a lion sprang out in front of her. At first June-Flower was frightened but the lion looked so kindly at her that they at once made friends.

The maiden said "Do you know where the King of the Mountain lives?"

The lion answered "Why do you seek him?"

"I seek him because many years ago he took Mother Hildegard's child, and I wish to find the child and return her to her mother."

"Yes, I do know where he lives and I promise to help you get her. Jump on my back and in one minute we shall be at the castle.

CHAPTER III

Mother Hildegard, after making her daily round among the flowers and birds, sat down at her doorstep to rest, and as she looked across the large meadow, she saw two women and a lion coming her way. She jumped up and got some bread out of the cupboard and set the table.

As the travelers came nearer she recognized June-Flower and ran to meet her with open arms, but half-way she stopped,

for there before her stood May-Flower. She was tall and handsome as a lily.

Mother Hildegard threw her arms around May-Flowers' neck and wept for joy. To this day you can, if you look hard, see Mother Hildegard, May Flower and June-Flower making their daily rounds.

Frances Wood, 4th Form.

"False and True"—Written by the Fifth and Sixth Form Pupils of the Lower Schools

Senior Foreword

Hark! What celestial music greets my ears?
Sure 'tis that olden group of starry spheres,
That first the heavens in splendor did adorn,
And soon will fade into the coming morn.
Now nightly through the airy region ring
Their joyful voices. Such sweet melodies they sing,
That e'en their sister stars pause in their flight
And mortals wonder at the brilliant night,
And list with hearts entranced.
Within this constellation, famed of old
Are gathered stars and planets which are held
Most dazzling bright of all the heavenly host.
Of Great and Little Dippers* can it boast,
Of Venus,* Mars,* the Gemini * and more
Renowned celestial orbs than e'er before
Have filled with splendor the broad fields of sky.
Ne'er did such music charm us from on high.
List well, and you shall hear!

*Rebekah Brown, Amy Brown.
*Beatrice Starr.
*Clara Hollis.
*The Crandall Sisters.

Senior Class

AMY BROWN, PRESIDENT

She comes from Southern lands 'neath skies serene,
Our proud Titania, our Fairy Queen;
So light of foot, so merry-voiced and fair,
She seems a little girl with golden hair;
And yet 'tis really true, this blue eyed lass
Is president of all the Senior class.

ALICE BOTHWELL

Her slender fingers weild the magic brush
Portraying rarely, nature's tender flush,
And light and shade and beauty too, and grace,
But none so dear as is her own sweet face.

REBEKAH BROWN

I have made for her a song
And perhaps the meter's wrong,
But Girton knows the thoughts of it are true,
For she's labored day by day
For the school in work and play,
And, Becky, here's our love and thanks to you.

JULIE CAHN

In our Wednesday Current Topics
Little Julie we hear stating
Latest news from Mr. Wilson
Telling of his "Watchful Waiting".
How she gets her information
Is beyond the keenest mind,
But when Current Topics enter,
Julie's never far behind.

LUCILE CALISCH

In future years when far Lucile hath fared
With only smiles to greet her—ne'er a frown,
All know her sunny face and eyes of brown,
Upon the stage I see her, this her throne,
Upon her brow the laurel wreath—her crown.

LOIS CRANDALL

From the land of the ski
Comes our poet Lois,
From the North Countree,
From the land of the ski
Comes this maid of glee,
And her verses so choice;
From the land of the ski
Comes our poet Lois.

PHYLLIS CRANDALL

A lark doth dwell within our midst
Who cheers our dreary days along;
And we, while hurrying on our busy way,
Stop, and enchanted hear her song.

BLANCHE DAY

Laughing and merry,
With heart e'er divided:
On her poems and songs
Will she ever be prided,
And the state of her mind which
Is always decided.

RUTH DIXON

What patter rings without open the stair?
What dainty footfall echoes through the air?
A maiden slim with soft dark eyes appears;
With happy laughs she fills our wondering ears.

CLARA HOLLIS

Die Walkure with neither sword nor steed
Collecting dues with grace and skill and speed;
In Bryn Mawr college soon will Clara be
To grow and flourish like a green bay tree.

EILEEN KELLY

There's a girl in our school named Eileen,
A jolly good sport in the mean,
In the minimum chill,
She's "not such a pill"
In the maximum, "best ever seen."

JANET MACDONALD

Janet's a merry lass
Laughter's her forte
Gayest of all the class
Janet's a merry lass.
High will she always pass,
On field and tennis court,
Janet's a merry lass,
Laughter's her forte.

GLADYS McQUATTERS

From the balmy Southern land,
With her accents soft and low
Comes this maid of "Uncle Remus"
Whose lively deeds we all well know.

MONA MATTHEWS

Across the yard, in Leicester Hall
Is a maiden well known to fame,
A foe to none, and a friend to all,
And Mona's the maiden's name.

EMILY MATZ

She's true as the blue of the sky above,
She's a friend that's a friend indeed,
And ne'er in this world will she know aught but love,
And ever she'll steadfast and trustworthy prove,
And ever a friend at need.

MARGARET MAXWELL

This strong-willed maiden, with knowledge laden
In studies is surely a shark;
But in times of pleasure, she's truly a treasure,
She's always prepared for a lark.

SARA MEYER

Our famed tennis player,
Is Sara you know,
No swift cut can stay her,
Our famed tennis player:
All racquets obey her,
Her ball's never slow;
Our famed tennis player,
Is Sara, you know.

ELLEN MONTGOMERY

Of Ellen I'm writing,
Our sunny haired maiden,
All the school she's delighting.
Of Ellen I'm writing,
Best of all at reciting,
With praises she's laden.
Of Ellen I'm writing,
Our sunny-haired maiden.

RUTH PLAIN

Three cheers for Ruth,
We know for sooth
That she'll e'er be a treasure.
A good sport in truth,
So three cheers for Ruth,
And we'll all give them with pleasure.

CECIL RIGBY

Let us drink to Cecile,
Ere she leaves for Smith College
To her heart of true steel,
Let us drink to Cecile
To the silvery peal
Of her voice, and her knowledge
Let us drink to Cecile,
Ere she leaves for Smith College.

BEATRICE STARR

Ever restless, so Merlin avers,
Ever searching both near and afar
For that which may never be hers—
Is Sir Beo, the Knight of the Star.

FLORENCE TYDEN

This maiden tall
O'ertops us all
And Florence is her name.
This song I sing
That it may bring
Her down to further fame.

DOROTHY WORK

She looms upon my vision bright and fair,
When she is near is peace an unknown thing.
The earth with mirth and madness seems to ring.
'Tis Hungry Workus! Everyone beware!

Class Songs

CLASS SONG

1914, 1914, twenty-four in line,
Here's a cheer for you old Girton
School there's none so fine.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
And though we are far away,
Still we'll remember you,
Our hearts shall faithful be
To Gold and Blue.

L.—H. C.

Tune—On Wisconsin.

"GOLD AND BLUE"

(To "Sweet and Low".)

Gold and blue, gold and blue,
Glad is the song we bring,
Girton, gold and blue,
It shall with triumph ring.
Brighter each one for the days she has spent,
Lighter each one for the joys you have lent,
Singing again to you,
Singing once again, cheering Girton, for you
Girton dear, Girton dear,
Praises we bring to you,
Girton, Girton dear,
You'll find us fond and true,
When parted we, who are singing today,
Fondest memories shall always hold sway,
Taking us back to you,
Taking us again back still true,
"Gold and Blue and L. C., L. C.

(*Tune*: *"Fair Harvard."*)

Dear Girton, our hearts to thee tribute e'er'll bring
We'll ever bear loyalty and love
To the school where we passed the gay days of our youth
Through whate'er changing scenes we may rove.
Though scattered we be, the wide world o'er,
We, thy daughters, still will be true
To the memory of happy school days 'neath thy pines,
To Girton, the Gold and the Blue.

(*Tune*: *"Heidelberg."*)

Here's to our dear old Girton School
Here's to the Gold and Blue
Here's to the jolly times 'neath the pines
Here's to our schoolmates true!
Here's to the old faculty,
Here's to the memories old
Here's to the 1914 class,
Here's to the Green and Gold!
Oh Girton School, dear Girton School
Those days we'll ne'er forget,
When 'neath the pine trees grave and old.
Thy daughters gaily met.
We love the old school on the knoll
With love that ne'er grows cold,
Three cheers for the 1914 class,
Three cheers for the Green and Gold!
(Repeat last two lines.)

Deeds of Valour of the Knights of '14

Of Certain Brave Knights Who Did Enter the Land of Girton to Do Battle With the Dragons Therein.

It befel in the ninth month of the Year 1910, that there fared forth from the land of the Lower School, eleven valiant knights to the country nearby of Girton, there to do grievous battle with the creatures that did befest that land. Now this was the law of Girton that to each knight who entered therein was given the task to do battle with sixteen dragons, the very names of which struck terror into the hearts of whosoever came thither—Eng, and Lat, and Alg, and many others besides. Those who failed were to be cast with contumely beyond the bounds of that land. Contrary-wise, to him who accomplished his task was given a scroll all richly bedight, signed by the king of that land, proclaiming to all the world that he who had slain his dragons was a very "parfit knight."

As they stood in wonderment before the portals of this land, there joined them six other knights from a very far country. There they sought counsel one of the other, but counsel none could give. Nay-the-less, they appointed unto them one who should be their captain, the knight yclept Montgomery. Next unto him was Sir Clarus who could joust with any man that lived, so warlike a spirit had he and so featly was he accoutred to do battle. With him came his brother-in-arms Sir Blanco de Day. Full knightly was Sir Cecil and also Sir Beo upon whose escutcheon gleamed a single star making known to all, his quest of that which was forever beyond his grasp. Sir Emilus of the house of Matz, ere soon to win great renown, was last of those who stayed long enough in the land to win the much desired scroll. Howbeit, there were many others who joined them for whiles to do battle.

Fair to look upon were they who were to fight for four long years, and rightly valiantly did they speed them to their task, youthful and untried though they were. Now not knowing where to turn, they espied an orchard which was in the environs of that land. There they did betake them for a period of refreshment. But they were not letted to do that for long, for there was bruited

about the word erewhiles, that a contest had arisen between some of the brothers-in-arms of that land and of the knights of a barbarous country called U High. In the battle which thereafter ensued they applied themselves like true knights, but in the end they were grievously vanquished. On that field were slain many high hopes.

And soon there came unto them a lady from the East who played sweetly on the harp, singing of children kept in darkness in the far land of India. Then their desire to set free those children waxed so great that they sent forth that Lady, weighted down with gifts which should compass this end.

And so they did battle all that year and at the end thereof, four of the dragons were slain. To make merry over this accomplishment these knights came unto a certain field there to behold a tourney called "Much Ado About Nothing". And her they called "Beatrice" was the fairest and most winsome damsel in all that land. Her colors did they wear on their sleeves and for her noticement did they languish, especially the captain of the band, and the knight hight Sir Clarus. Naught was too hard for them and naught too insignificant, that they might so win favor from their lady. Thus ended their first year.

Yet More of the Same Knights

The following year, the which befell in one thousand nine hundred and eleven, so valorously had these knights quitted them that they did win honorable advancement and entered into the state of Sophomore. This year another knight did join them. He was Sir Florenz de Tyden, a fair-browed Saxon, and well fitted for feats of arms by his passing tall height.

E'er while a joust at tennis was proclaimed throughout the land. Right nobly did these knights bear them, especially brothers twain, who followed the crest of the ancient house of Hopkins. They bore away a silver flagon, all richly dight in divers quaint devices, and did sit triumphant amid feasting and merrymaking for many days and nights.

'Mid other noble traits, these knights did have a deep devotion unto art, specially him whom they called Sir Beo, the Knight of the Star. Hence these knights determined to render a tragedy yclept "Lancelot and Elaine." So romantic was that tragedy

that tears flowed like a river in Girton, and when Elaine, the fair, was borne away, such dole was raised that e'en the lowing kine and cocks without, did pause to listen and marvel. And when Sir Florenz, who played the part of a noble lord, did break out in mirth, all beholders sobbed aloud.

'Twas not long after, that Sir Blanco bethought him that he would rouse fealty in his brothers-in-arms by presenting unto them the banner bearing the device of their kingdom. Forthwith he passed his helmet about 'mong his brothers, and when he had collected a goodly treasure he gat the banner and gave it unto them, and in verity it flieth to this day in the sunshine of Girton.

By now full many a moon had waxed and wained since these knights had entered into the state of Sophomore, and now by many jousts and trials of skill they had so strengthened themselves that in one last, great tourney of three days' duration they slew four more monsters and 'mid honor did depart, and the state of Sophomore knew them no more.

Yet More of the Same

And when all the faithful knights of '14 had assembled together again from far distant lands after a short period of joyous feasting and tourneys, they gathered into their midst Sir Amans, yclept the Brown, the which was a knight gracious and fair, as his name betokens, and Sir Rufus de Dixon, likewise a knight of fair renown. All these came and yet more that cannot be rehearsed. And then after they were all there and the lots were cast, they were accorded that Sir Blano, the valiant champion of the Day should be their lord, and that Sir Rufus should gather in the tolls. These last were for to supply the means for their tourneys and anon for their feasts.

Now all these said knights set out for their third year of battle against the monster with the same courage as afore, yet with less zeal, for they were not holpen by a little sprite, hight "class spirit". For they were more sage in the affairs of men than in the days of yore, and in like manner wot well that in the ensuing year the little sprite would gain much in favor and grace.

Howbeit these knights strove so mightily in the jousts against their brothers-in-arms of '16 and '13 that they achieved the right wonderful cup of silver and were proclaimed from

every side victors. Then in truth was there rejoicing among the champions of '14.

In likewise three from among their number, to wit the knight yclept Montgomery, Sir Blanco and Sir Clams, wrought diligently together for long days and in the end completed a scroll, yclept the "Junior girtonian", the which was for a record of their deeds and feats-and-arms. Over this scroll there was much ado and it was haut lauded in the realm roundabout.

Now these trusty knights doted upon feasting, and as guerdon for their prowess in battle, did they make much merry during the year. Firstly did the knights of '14 draw all the champions of the land of Girton and the friends thereof to a festival of dance in a near-by castle, therein to make marvellous merry. Then again was it fair desired of the aforesaid knights that they should bid their friends and kinsmen, the Seniors, to a revelry in the large city, there to watch youths and maidens play together as falrils and make the hearts of all glad. Lastly did all the brethren-in-arms of the land of girton partake in a dancing revelry to honor the coming of the lusty month of Mae, and to this end did act divers wondrous plays. And they all gave their intent and desire that Sir Beo, so fair was he to look upon, should be appointed the king of the Mae.

Then in the end of their appointed time drew nigh, did the king of that realm avow that the noble knights of '14 had full well acquitted themselves in their battles with the four dragons, and that they would shortly overcome them in full. At this there was much rejoicing and they all did strive manifold more, chiefly the lusty Sir Clarus, who sought to attain to a fair damsel, yclept "Credit in Bryn Mawr Exams."

And then the last hour came when their brethren, the Seniors, gat from their king the fair, white scroll, and when the Seniors were to set out for far distant lands. This was a dolorous hour for the knights of '14 to see their friends depart and they wound about the Seniors as a last token of their friendship, a long chain heavy laden with divers margeurites. Then did the little sprite hight "class spirit" grow strong among them, and they all drew nigh unto her, vowing to guard her faithfully during the year to come.

Yet more of the Said Knights and How They Slew the Last of the Dragons and Departed from Girton Bearing Their Scrolls.

Anon withal did the faithful knights enter upon their last year in the land of Girton after the which when they had slain the dragons, the King of that land did promise to give them their scrolls with great honour. And perforce, there were added unto them the worshipful knight Sir Beck de Brown whose short name did belie his stature and mighty feats of arms, and lusty Sir Manas, he who achieved great honour against the fearful dragon Alz. Full knightly and pressing fair were Sir Cupid de Cahn, Sir Margus of Max and Sir Janus of the McDonald Clan who was a harper passing all other that were ever heard tell of and with them strove their brothers-in-arms, Sir Sarus, Sir Lucius du Calais, Sir Kelly, Sir Workers yclept the Hungary, and Sir Rufus de Plain most fectly accoutered of all the knights in shining armour and richly behanged with cloth of silk. And with them came two brothers, well armed, Sir Lo and Sir Phil, and the virtuous knight Gladys.

Now it befel, when the knights of '14 had added to them these lusty brothers-in-arms that they chose as their lord Sir Amans, yclept the Brown, a gentleman that was well learned and taught and accorded with them all.

And as it drew fast to Michelmas the knights one and all did rise up against the king of that land and his earls and barons, the which were defeated after a mighty battle. And the Knights with one accord did choose the right goodly Sir Beck de Brown who should rule over them with Sir Monas next unto him and Sir Clarus of warlike spirit who should fight right well for the tolls, some of which were to be given to a certain priest in a far land.

And now the knights were the highest of the land for they had right valorously acquitted themselves against twelve of the dragons. But the four fiercest dragons remained, against whom few had come off victorious. There was in that land a right wise lady who counselled them by which they might achieve battle and gave to them magic spells to helpen them when they were hard bested, and they were therewith, relieved wonderfully well and gave themselves full joyfully to divers feasts and jousts.

For as in all years heretofore, these knights did love full well all good cheer of feasts and plays and dancing and they had devised a goodly castle where they assembled for much merry-making among themselves and with their brothers-in-arms of '15. And every seventh day did they assemble for counsel in a hall where was a goodly feast on cloth laid richly, and full knightly did they eat and eagerly. And lo the time passed swiftly and it drew nigh the days when they must do final battle with the four fearsome dragons.

That day then the knights sallied forth strongly accoutred and bearing the magic spells given them by that right wise lady. And in sooth they did grievous battle for three long days and some well nigh fell from their saddles in a swoon. But they bore their arms right mightily and lo, after three days, the venomous dragons lay on the turf, sore wounded, and made great moan, and with lusty blows, the knights did strake off their heads.

And then there was great rejoicing at Girton, ye wist well. It was decreed that all in the land should do homage and fealty to the victors and there should be merrymaking for four days and four nights e'er the knights of '14 departed, bearing their scrolls.

WHITE HOUSE ENTERTAINS ILLUSTRIOUS GROUP.

The Class of 1914 of Girton School Meets at President's House.

Statesmen, Musicians, Artists, Poets, Authors, Scientists, Educators, Social Workers and Prominent Society Women Among Brilliant Company.

Washington, D.C., 1945—The President is entertaining as great a number of world renowned guests as has ever graced the executive mansion. The event is a unique one in history, as the first woman president of the United States is holding a reunion of a class, each member of which has distinguished herself in the eyes of her country, or of the world.

Society Leaders Present

The society world is represented by women whose names are well known on both continents. Among the most famous are Mrs. ——, nee Amy Brown, who has done so much work in the organized women's clubs of the South, and her friend and co-worker, called Ruth. by her old schoolmates. Mrs. ——, or Miss Blanche Day, as she remains to her friends, returned from a prolonged cruise in the South Sea in time to join Lady Eilleen and Countess Sara from Europe and to travel with them to Washington.

Lights of Scientific and Artistic Worlds

Among the distinguished guests is Margaret Maxwell, the physicist, who recently made discoveries which have entirely refuted Archimedes' Principle and Newton's Law of Universal Gravitation. Alice Bothwell, the renowned artist, with Beatrice Starr, the founder of the new movement in art and literature, which is at present stirring the civilized world, recently came over from Paris in the new aeroplane invented by Julie Cahn, another star of this illustrious constellation.

The other arts are well represented, as in addition to the famous personages mentioned, the group is graced by the presence of the Crandall sisters, the one known as the winner of the Nobel Prize for literature, the other as a singer who brings delight to everyone who hears her. Lu-

cile Calisch, a second Sara Bernhardt, contributes to the merriment of the party by her clever impersonations of old-time schoolmates and teachers, while Janet McDonald outdoes even her remarkable reputation as a pianist.

Party Attend Dancing Class.

Yesterday the guests attended the dancing class which the president and secretary of treasury, Hollis, hold weekly in the blue room for foreign ambassadors with their wives or husbands. The president and secretary of the treasury attribute much of their success in their respective positions to the experience gained at Girton, and it is very interesting to note that almost all the women present trace their success to the same source. Ellen Montgomery, the editor of the famous "Literary Magazine," admits that she could never have risen to such dazzling heights of fame without her experience on the Girtonian. President Plain of Vassar College, acknowledges her indebtedness to her old school; Cecile Rigby, the great musician, claims to have received her earliest inspiration in accompanying the Glee Club and Miss Gladys McQuatters attributes her skill and charm in reading to the training and practice received at Girton.

Well Known Philanthropists Speak of the Work.

The party was very much interested in the report of Miss Mona Matthews of her labor in helping conditions among the poor, and that of Miss Emily Matz who is doing such splendid work for the newsboys' clubs in our large cities. The class is rightly proud of these women who are doing so much for the betterment of humanity. It is a matter of great regret to them all that their illustrious classmate, Dorothy Work, is not here to share their good times. Miss Work is conducting several kindergartens in China and is so absorbed in her task of bringing light to thousands of heathen that she cannot join the house party.

Scandalous Reports Whispered About Washington.

This group of well-known women of course have characters beyond reproach, but it is rumored that strange things have taken place at strange hours about the White House. While nothing definite is said, much is

implied. The President of Vassar and the Editor of the Literary Magazine have actually been heard using barbarous language; they have called the President of the United States "Beck" to her face and have behaved in a manner very unbecoming such dignified representatives of the public. We reject all these reports, however, as idle gossip and indignantly protest that the actions of any of these renowned personages to be called in question. They have firmly established themselves in the confidence of the American people and we well know that no such scandals as have been hinted at can have in them an atom of truth. We, with the whole country, will continue to gaze with interest at this remarkable gathering which shall surely go down in the annals of history as one of the great events of modern times.

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of the Girton School, being of sound mind and memory, and mindful of the uncertainties of human existance, do publish and declare the following to be our last will and testament.

BEQUESTS

1. To Girton School—Student government.
2. To the Faculty—Its chronic indisposition to work.
3. To the Junior Class—Its scholastic attainments.
4. To the Sophomore Class—Its good will.
5. To the Freshman Class—Its perfect harmony.

PERSONAL BEQUESTS

1. Alice Bothwell—Her artistic temperament to Emily Case.
2. Amy Brown—Her love of dancing to Arlene Hammill.
3. Rebekah Brown—Her school spirit to Priscilla McIlvaine.
4. Julie Cahn—Her knowledge of current events to the Boarding Department.
5. Lucile Calisch—Her dramatic ability to the Dramatic Club.
6. Lois Crandall—Her poetic ability to Janet Fisher.
7. Phyllis Crandall—Her unassertiveness to Alice Rood.
8. Blanche Day—Her gift of speech to Genevieve Weber.
9. Ruth Dixon—Her appetite to Jessie Button.
10. Emily Matz, Clara Hollis } Their sympathy to Byrn Mawr candidates.
11. Eilleen Kelly, Sara Meyer } Their cooking to the Boarding Department.
12. Mona Matthews—Her common sense to Dorothy Day.
13. Janet McDonald—Her free mandolin lesson to Helen Louis.
14. Ellen Montgomery—Her love of English to Alec Parker.
15. Margaret Maxwell—Her spontaneity to Stella Taylor.

16. Gladys McQuatters—Her ability to get into trouble to Louise Wood.
17. Cecil Rigby—Her demureness to Fae Pittenger.
18. Ruth Plain—Her promptness to Geraldine Mark.
19. Beatrice Starr—Her voice to morning exercises.
20. Dorothy Work—Her hatred of study to Harriet Clarke.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by above named testators as their last will and testament in the presence of us, present at the time, who in their presence, in the presence of each other and at their request have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.—The Girtonian Board.

HAPPY DAYS

Oh happy days! When April smiled
And the heart of the world was young;
Barefoot through the splashy pools,
Down where the bobwhite sung,
Oh happy days! With books and friends
Learning to work and play,
With ever the thought of something new
As a gift of the coming day,
Oh happy days! That stretch before
For our heart's expectancy,—
The pride in a race that is well begun
The call of the world to see.

B. Mc. D. '14.

The Girton Masquerade

(by Uncle Cyrus)

"Gosh! I don't know when I've hed sech a good time's I hed when me and Semanthy was to town. 'Twas along after the craps was in and we was jest layin' for a real spree. Well, we hedn't been there for mebbe a day when they got us to go to a ball; lands sakes! I never seen sech a ball, I guess. Everybody, and they was mostly furriners of one sort or 'nother, come in with little black things over their faces that they took off purty soon and they was jest jingling joolry round there fit to kill. Reckon there was folks from nigh on every country in this terrestrial ball, as the hymn says. There was one handsome lady all covered with heathen ornaments and she kep' beatin' a little drum like she was batty. I told Semanthy so, but she says she was Spanish and I mustn't say nothin' agin her, 'cause they're a very touchy people. Beats all how much women do know!

One young feller was paradin' round there dressed up grand, but the poor chap had busted part of his spectacles and only had one left. I offered to lend him mine, and I swan if he didn't twirl his little mustache, look hard through one glass and lift up his shouders, while all the ladies looked scandalized at me. Gosh! I didn't know what I'd done! Semanthy says he was an Etalian count or something like that, and they only wear half their specs over there. It's a purty durn poor way I think, but Semanthy, she smiled real sweet at him. My land! She was quite took with all the likely young fellers that was hopping about there. One of 'em was all dressed up in his Sunday clothes but he didn't hev no pipe at all, jest a little stick of baccy that they call a cigarette. I was mighty glad I hed my corn-cob along, and I told him where he can get 'em cheap.

'Nother feller there looked like he'd jest come in from playin football. He had on all them guards and sweater and things that them football players wear nowadays. I'll be durned if they wasn't funny lookin' chaps, some of 'em. Why, one hed on great big trousers jest like balloons and wooden shoes big as the old boat in the crick! They said he was Dutch and I'll believe it! I felt real sorry for him; 'twas'n't his fault. He hed his gal along

with him, and she was dressed most as outlandish as he, but she was a real likely lookin' gal.

My land! I never seen so many purty gals. Some of 'em was heathens like the one with the drum that I told ye, and there was about three full blooded Injin squaws, all covered with feathers and beads. I swan! they was right fierce lookin' made me think of the stories my grammaw used to tell me when I was a kid. And I'll be switched ef there wasn't a lady there dressed jest like my grammaw in her Sunday clothes! Then there was a purty little gal that looked like the folks that came over in the Mayflower that we seen pictures of the time we was to Plymouth. They was sort of behind the times I thought, but there's no accountin' for the queer crowd at that ball!

Why, by heck! one of the little girls hed trousers hangin' way down to her ankles. Semanthy she was that scandalized she says, 'My land, Cyrus! what is her maw thinking of? Jest you stop makin' eyes at her this minute.' I thought she was a likely young gal, but I didn't tell Semanthy so. She's unaccountable at times, is Semanthy.

There was sech a lot of furriners there that I can't tell which was which, but along about the beginnin' of the party, they brought in two rag dolls thet said on 'em "Made in Germany". I reckon that was a lie though. Them Germans couldn't make sech good lookin' dolls.

Me and Semanthy hed the doggondest time gettin' them new fangled steps! Finally, we jest had a good old fashioned barn dance, and all them ladies and gentlemen hoppin' around thought we was doin' a new step. Reckon we fooled nigh on everybody in the room. Made us feel like we'd dropped off twenty years though, and Semanthy she says to me 'Naow Cyrus, there's no use in talkin'. We've got to do this every year! Why, I reckon we ain't hed fun like this since you and me was keeping' company twenty years ago come spring.' And says I, "Semanthy, you've struck it. I reckon we're good for as much of this party stuff as them young folks dancin' around here, and I'll be switched if they've seen the last of us.' "

A Kewpie Tale

The moonlight streamed in through the latticed gymnasium windows and bestowed a kindly smile upon the dozens of "Kewpies" patiently suspended from the ceiling beams. It seemed a general signal for discussion to open.

"My dears," said a little fat kewpie, with a sudden lurch in her scarlet band, "did you think it went off all right? After all the trouble and the fuss and the hair-raising climbs to fix those banners, and the nerve of stringing us up like—like a red-ribbon baby show! It would be just like a mere man not to have a good time!"

"Oh, I'm suah they did," drawled a little kewpie. Amy says theah no pa'ties like those in the South, but even she enjoyed herself here all right."

"Well, I'm sure I considered it exciting," exploded an inquisitive-looking kewpie, with a broad Scotch accent. "Girls, what do you suppose I noticed? I saw—"

"Trust a canny Scot for the saving eye," interrupted a swarm of Knollslea kewpies. "But do tell!"

There was silence for a moment. A mouse scampered through the confetti and scattered crumbs. Then the news came with sudden surprise.

"I know where Julia's ring is."

"What! the one that hunted and got down on their knees for, and stopped the music and everything?" shrieked a noisy kewpie.

"How do you know? Tell us!" chorused the rest.

"I saw it flash as it fell," said the canny Scot—"and, girls, it never reached the floor. Some one with a light mustache and curly hair seized it—and put it in his pocket,—for a—"

"For goodness sakes, shut up Freshie!"

"No," said the story-teller, "he didn't. It caught in the fringe of Bushie's scarf—she was just passing—and it probably is there yet. The worst of it is she'll wear her scarf to another dance and it'll be lost for good. What can we do? Can't some one think of a plan?"

"I know," spoke up a schrewd little kewpie. "We'll wish

hard that Bushie'll come in here tomorrow and then we'll all use mental telepathy on her and maybe she'll look at her scarf."

"Fine! We'll all work together. Let's practice now. All ready," and silenced reigned again.

Several days later two girls strolled through the gymnasium.

"I can't get over it," exclaimed the first one. "You know, when I came in here the morning after the dance, I just felt as if I were trying to remember a place. What for or where, I didn't have the slightest idea. Finally the word 'scarf' came into my mind. It just buzzed there all day. I couldn't get it out of my head. So when I went over to my room, I was so tired of the idea that I yanked out my scarf, and what do you think? Her ring rolled right out onto the carpet. Honestly! If that isn't weird! What do you suppose made me?"

The voices faded into the distance and everything was quiet again. But in a far corner under the piano one little left-behind kewpie smiled a fat self-satisfied kewpie smile.

Student Activities

More aged comets bearing "tales" sweep past
And sing their songs to listening ears below
They tell of olden deeds and sports and plays
And bring to mind well nigh forgotten days;
While trailing in their wake come tiny starlets,
Scarce more than twinklers chuckling on their way
And boldly passing jokes 'mongst staid old planets
These little sillies through the heavens stray.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT AT GIRTON SCHOOL

Nothing more memorable has happened to Girton Upper School than the submitting in December of a petition by the student body to the faculty. asking for student management of all non-academic activities at Girton. The faculty cordially granted the request, helped to form the constitution and did all that it could to further the cause of student government, both in the boarding department and in the day school. Thus a far-reaching change is slowly becoming effective at Girton, not so much in outward seeming, as in the development of character, of self control and of a feeling of responsibility among the students. A tentative form of government was at once adopted by the girls which, with a few necessary modifications, was later decided upon as the permanent plan of administration.

In the boarding department a president and a board of five proctors, one proctor from each corridor, have entire jurisdiction over the girls in their recreation and study hours. This executive board meets regularly once a month, oftener when necessary, for a full discussion of school problems. Elected by the girls, this board has full power to punish those who have been delinquent in obeying the rules of the association. The dean of the boarding department, however, acts as a final court of appeal when necessity for such a court arises.

Necessarily there are two distinct forms of government, one in the boarding department, the other in the day school. The two departments of the school are united in this,—that the president of the resident girls, elected only by them, is the associate president of the day school student government. The president and

associate president are assisted by a board of eight councillors, one day and one resident student, elected from each class. To these councillors are submitted for their discussion and decision all questions of jurisdiction which arise both from the students and from the faculty, in so far as such jurisdiction has been granted the association by its constitution. The councillors have entire charge of the assembly room during the school session; their task it is to hold the girls to obedience of the rules established by the association, and to punish any infraction of these rules. A joint committee of the students and the faculty meets regularly to discuss plans of school government and of student activities. The findings of this committee are reported back to the respective departments for their ultimate action.

The foregoing is a mere frame-work of the constitution and a few of its workings. To be a true history of the first year of student government at Girton, it is necessary to tell also some of the problems met by the association, to state as far as possible the reason for its failure and enumerate some of its successes.

The object of the association stated in its constitution is "to promote the betterment of the girls". The difficulties encountered in trying to achieve this end have seemed at times almost insuperable. Because few girls are by nature and training self governing, the almost inevitable conclusion on the part of many of them has been that student government is entirely a repressive measure, designed to restrict good times and legitimate evading of personal responsibilities. The consequent active opposition of few of the girls and the indifference of many of them have been constant factors which have had to be met as patiently but as rigorously as possible. The greatest credit is consequently due to the few devoted upholders of the cause who have worked in season and out with but varying success to crown their unremitting effort. The irksome holding of girls to a loyal observance of self imposed rules will be lessened when the association will have gained strength enough to develop activities other than penalties for the breaking of rules. It is only fair to state that a few such activities have been suggested and carried through this year. A second cause productive of discontent has been that many of the girls signed the petition in December imbued with the feeling that student government meant much liberty and no

corresponding responsibilities. The development of a discriminating sense that what may be good for the individual is not necessarily good for the entire student body is of slow maturing. Girls of high school age have only a latent sense of social obligation. It is therefore almost an axiom that girls must be trained to meet their new responsibilities and that student government is primarily an educative process, which results not so much in school management as in the development of character among the governed and the governing. Much of the self control and steadying power gained by each councillor will be realized only long after the girl will have left Girton. The last difficulty has been that the girls have not been united by any spirit of opposition in establishing this new form of administration. This feeling that the work of the officers would have been easier, had the girls 'wrung their new government from the grasp of a reluctant faculty' was expressed by a councillor when she asked that such opposition be at least feigned.

These are the discouraging factors. But notwithstanding this active and negative opposition of some of the girls, the majority have shown a desire to co-operate by a spirit of endeavor which has made the work of the association, as a whole, truly successful. With no tradition to further its work it has developed gradually, conservatively and very earnestly. It has shown elements of strength and of future possibilities which warrant both students and faculty to hope that student government will be permanently established at Girton.

> "For while the tired waves, vainly breaking
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back through creeks and inlets making
> Comes silent, flooding in the main."

In these lines Arthur Hugh Clough has given new courage to those who are working for the things of the spirit, who believe that no matter how slow in the coming, in the end the impulse towards righteousness will become effective. So it is we believe with self government and with student government at Girton school.

M. M. R.

Leader . . . . . Mrs. Wing
Accompanist . . . . . Mrs. Weeks
President . . . . . Mona Matthews
1Treasurer . . . . . Ruth Dixon

For several years Girton has tried to have a Glee club composed of a few girls who would meet to practice one afternoon each week. Every attempt to form such an organization failed, because it was so difficult to find a free hour.

Last year a new plan was proposed,—that the entire school should constitute the Glee Club, which would meet once a week during the morning session. The girls received this plan with enthusiasm and formed the club. Later, Mrs. Eloise Hilton Wing became its leader, working not only to train the voices of the girls, but also to give to them all an appreciation of good music.

Three successful concerts have been given this year. At the Doll Show on December 15 a number of beautiful old Christmas carols were sung by the Glee Club, aided by the Lower School. Two of the songs were so well-liked by the audience that when Dickens "Christmas Carol" was presented a week later, a few of the girls behind the scenes sung them again.

The next performance was on February 20th in honor of Washington's birthday. The Glee Club and the Lower School joined in singing some patriotic songs, and Mrs. Wing sang the solo part in Kipling's " Recessional," set to DeKoven's music.

The Glee Club gave its first concert on March 25th, a great success in the beautiful tone quality and the spirited rendering of the eight songs which the girls sang.

A second recital was given on the evening of May 8th, in concert with the pupils of the piano department.

At the May Revels the girls sang several spring songs.

Altogether we feel that the Glee Club has done creditable work this year, and that it will do better in the year to come, if each girl does her part. E. I. C. '16.

THE DOLLS AND THEIR LITTLE MOTHERS

What can be pleasanter than the feeling of pride and pleasure we experience when something is given to us for which we have wished and waited, for a long time? We certainly were proud and pleased when we entered our new gymnasium on the day of the doll show! The girls on the committee had done their best to make the beautiful room attractive. Greens and sparkling tinsel emphasized the Christmas spirit and the dolls, grouped tastefully on long tables, added a festive air to the occasion. The very prettiest dolls of all were the little children who sang with the older girls, the familiar Christmas carols.

The real dolls seemed to wait impatiently during the songs, to be admired. Trained nurses anxiously watched over the babies playing together at their feet, while the older dolls stood in groups in expectation of the fun of being "shown off".

"And God bless you and send you a happy New Year!"
"And God send you a happy New Year!"

The last carol was sung and a troop of eager children ran laughing at the tables, admiring, fondling and comparing, until even the dolls themselves must have been content. And all the afternoon long, young and old exclaimed over the "babies".

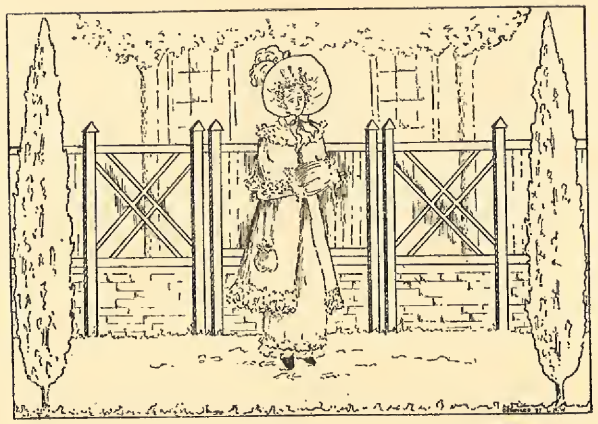
But Santa Claus was to bring these dolls to their eager little mothers, the children of Association House. Eager mothers they were, for they entered with a will into the delightful Christmas entertainment, even before St. Nicholas arrived. Each one scampered to the platform in high glee to recite her poem or sing her little song, and ran back to her seat even faster than she had come. They enjoyed it all immensely and each delighted to do her part.

"A letter from Santa Claus at the North Pole!" In a moment all was excitement! 'He was sorry that, as there had been no snow, he could not come to Association House, but he had a surprise for them.' What if he could not come? He had sent them his pack—"The dolls! the Girton dolls!" There they were again, ready to be hugged and kissed, admired and loved. How happy they were—those little mothers—and I am sure the dolls were too!

Curiosity was mingled with admiration. The children turned their "babies" up-side-down and examined them from tip to toe. Little was said, but it was a joy for us to watch their faces a-light with happy smiles, and to hear their marry laughter as each received her doll.

The boys were not forgotten, for they had new books for their library and were as delighted over them as Santa Claus could wish. He surely will never forget the enthusiasm over his pack, but will continue to bring his sleigh-load of dolls and toys, each year, to Association House Door. L. W. '15.

Dramatic



The-out-of-door Shakespeare play has always been one of the most beautiful events of the year at Girton, both from the standpoint of the friends of the school and of the actors themselves. Every girl who has taken part in one of those plays looks back upon it as one of the greatest experiences of her school life. There is nothing which can quite equal the charm of the Girton grounds at night, the excitement of the make-up room, and the joy of acting under the pines on the hillside.

But while out-of-door acting has a charm all its own, there has also been a desire among the girls for indoor acting. This year the completion of the new gymnasium has made this possible. Miss Larkin's dramatic club, meeting one afternoon each week, has made for good fun and training too. The object of this club is to keep up an interest in dramatics and to prepare the girls for the Shakespeare play by giving them practice in acting before an audience. Three plays in addition to the usual commencement one have been presented very successfully under Miss Larkin's direction.

A dramatization of "Dickens' Christmas Carol" was the first performance of the Dramatic Club, given in the new gymnasium just before the Christmas vacation. An amateur's hand at the lights and a make-shift curtain above which chairs and tables were seen to pass mysteriously to and fro between scenes, were

a few of the disillusionments which made the hearts of the actors most apprehensive. These were minor details, easily forgiven, however, by the audience, who were at once in perfect sympathy with the very real sufferings of Scrooge, and his mentors. The parts were well taken, and artistically acted.

CRANFORD

In February came "Cranford", a dramatization of Mrs. Gaskell's charming story, where the ladies of long ago played their little comedy of self approved living in a "manless Eden." When "Mr. Peter" came home however, to comfort "Miss Mattie's" last years, each feminine heart fluttered in each feminine breast. This story the girls of the Junior class assisted by a few from other classes told effectively. Departing entirely from precedent the girls charged admission for this play to cover the debt left by their last year's Girtonian.

"Sanctuary" by Percy Mac Kaye, acted by the Upper and Lower Schools is one of the chief features of the May Revels which will be given out of doors, after we go to press.

The class play, "Midsummer Night's Dream" will have the following cast:

Theseus—Duke of Athens		Sara Meyer
Lysander		Katharine Strotz
Demetrius		Mona Matthews
Egus		Gladys McQuatters
Philostrate		Frances von Hofsten
Nick Bottom, the weaver		Helen Farrell
Quince, the carpenter	*Hard-handed*	Julie Cahn
Snug, the joiner,	*Men of*	Katherine Crismond
Flute, the bellows-mender	*Athens*	Emily Case
Snout, the tinker		Alice Bothwell
Starveling, the tailor		Janet Fisher
Hippolita, Queen of the Amazons		Geraldine Mark
Hermia		Louise Thorne
Helena		Eleanor Matthews

Oberon, King of Fairyland		Ellen Montgomery
Titania, Queen of Fairyland		Amy Brown
Puck		Lucile Calisch
Pease-Blossom	*Fairies*	Frances Thorne
Cobweb		Helen Pope
Moth		Harriet May
Mustard Seed		Marion Farnsworth
Fairy		

In April, two plays, "False and True" and "By the Help of a God" were written and later acted by the pupils of the Fifth and Sixth forms of the Lower School. The dramatic interest was sustained wonderfully well; even the most unpretentious part was acted by each child with dignity and with true appreciation.

"False and True" was composed by the following pupils:

Scene I: Anne Kales, Virginia Buck and Francis Cooke.

Scene II: Rosalinda Mac Bean, Margaret Boyden, and Elizabeth Jackson.

Scene III: Frances Thorne and Grace Merrill.

In "By the Help of God" the scenes were composed by the following pupils:

Scene I: Frances Wood and Eleanor Poppenhuser.

Scene II: Marcella Mettler.

Scene III: Marion Walker and Marcella Mettler.

Scene IV: Frances Wood.

Scene V: Marcella Mettler.

Scene VI: Helen Pope and Sybil Kosminski.

The music of the Farewell Song in Scene I was composed by Dorothy Magie.

SPORTS

Athletics started this year with a tennis tournament. Nearly the whole school participated in it. In spite of the efforts on the part of many, the cup was awarded to Sara Meyer.

Basket ball came in due time. Although hard work and fun was the result of the practice on Tuesdays and Thursdays, no inter-class contest was held: the same is true of baseball.

When self-government was instituted the student body resolved to have field hockey with one of the girls as coach. Great enthusiasm was the first result. Most of the girls registered for one of the two teams. The chosen field, however, did not prove to be a good one, winter descended upon us, so only a few practice games were held in the fall.

Another tennis tournament was planned, this being done under the auspices of self-government, which requested each girl to enter the lists.

The lack of enthusiasm in athletics during the year of 1913-14 has been due to several causes, making the year as a whole, not a very progressive one. Next year with its promise of new tennis courts, hockey and basket-ball fields, and our splendidly equipped gymnasium, is making the girls eager to begin work in the autumn.

R. A. B. '14.

Clara's Definition of Examinations.

To give examinations is like pulling up plants by the roots to see how they are getting along.

Overheard in French Class.

Miss de Schweinitz, (translating)— "I am dying."

R. G.—"Wait a minute please!"

Miss Richardson—"No men but your fathers and mothers will be allowed at the masquerade."

Miss Branson—"Girls, we want to elect the head of the boarding house tonight."

Katherine Pride, (translating)—Caesar, "Duae filiae harum," "The daughters of the harum."

Julie Cahn in English III. shows her knowledge of dates—"Chaucer was born the year before the French revolution."

The following was received from one of the girls after a particularly slangy letter to her father.

Dear Daughter:

I must compliment you on the purity of your English. This freedom from anything even bordering upon slang is highly commendable. For my part I never could stand any adulteration of the good old U. S. dope and I am glad you are sufficiently Joseph to yourself to cut it out. I hope you will continue to keep your lamps glued on the polite letter writer and not pull any of the bull con stuff, that seems to go so strong with most young people of the period. It rather gets my goat to see how some girls tear into the correct usage of their mother tongue Some people seem to think that this sort of thing adds a punch to their "parley-voo," but for my part I think it is all bally nonsense. You will observe, I am sure, that there are no flat wheels in my diction and when I have anything to say, I hand it out without any punk accesories, to jolt the blooming sensibilities of the guy on whom I am putting it over. I enclose a five spot to defray the expense of your impending home run. You would better speil off something early in the week to let us know how you are going to be routed. If you get out of the jiggle-frizzle in time, you might hook up with the choo-choo that gets to Chicago at five bells; otherwise you can hit the trail for Springfield and I will gallop over there to see that you get the right steer toward the parential mahogany.

I see that the "billy-does' are beginning to roll in for the tanglefoot soirees of holiday week. I am afraid if you try to do the gay and merry at all of these shindigs it will put the kibosh on you for fair. You know that many a bunch of calico has been headed toward the batty house by too much sticking around in the glim of the calcium. With these few observations, I will ring off.

Affectionately,

Father.

In Caesar's time?

In Miss Branson's Latin class, Helen Louis (translated)—"Hercules post breve tempus at santitatem raductus est." "Hercules, after a short time was taken to a sanitarium."

Loretta McCambridge in English III.—"'Comedy and tragedy were introduced in England at the time of the reminiscence."

Cecil Rigby gives an example of the partitive genitive, "Pars filias vit."

Query—Which part.

Julie Cahn—"Face your backs to each other."

Miss Shepherd—"Goethe had the greatest mind of all the Germans."

Evelyn Minckler—"Yes. His brain weighed sixty-four ounces."

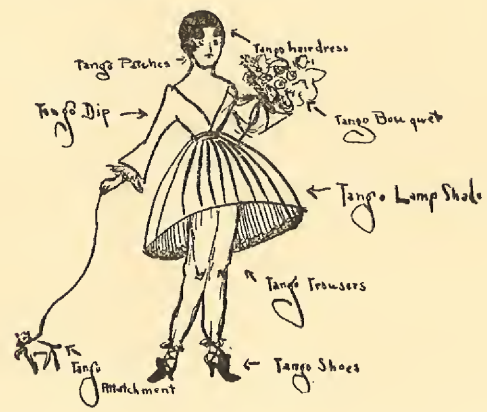
Amy in English IV A, "Anyone who drinks of Circe's cup falls into a swine."

Clara at play rehearsal, "Who made blind beggars walk and lame men see."

From an English III paper—"The gown was cut umpire." Question—Was it a base ball gown? (or baseball togs?)

Does Becky take math?

Rebekah Brown at Student Government meeting—"Girls, is forty-seven two-thirds of twelve?"



What are we coming to?

The Reference Library

"The Deserted Village"—Winnetka in Vacations.
"The Port of Missing Men"—Girton During Dances.
"The Tale of Two Cities"—The One-Nine Train.
"Much Ado About Nothing"—Meals.
"As You Like It"—Hash and Beans.
"The Danger Mark"—70.
"The Barrier"—69.
"The Firing Line"—Broken Rules.
"The Right of Way"—Self Government.
"The Ne'er-do--Well"—Many of Us.
"The Penalty"—Demerits.
"Little Rivers"—Commencement.
"Pilgrim's Progress"—Four Years at Girton.
"The Long Roll"—Roll after Vacations.
"The Dawn of a Tomorrow"—The Rising Bell.
"The Unknown Quantity"—Spreads.
"The Man of the Hour"—Mr. Cooke.
"Wild Animals I Have Known"—?
"Babes in Toyland"—Elliott.
"A Wonder Book of Tangle Wood Tales"—Virgil.
"My Lady of the South"—Amy Brown.
"The Slave of the Lamp"—Ellen Montgomery.
"Old Fashioned Girl"—Louise Wood.
"Whats-His-Name"—Eternal Question Before Girton Dances.
"Day of Days"—June 11-14.

Tippie's Misdeeds

I had a little doggie,
And dear he was to me,
I called him Tiperarie,
But Tip, for short, you see.
He followed me to school each day
He would not stay at home,
I begged and coaxed and whipped him,
But still to school he'd come.
He learned of all the pretty girls
That were assembled there.
And when I was not looking,
To Study Hall he'd fare.
He caused a great commotion,
(Girls will be girls you know)
So they grabbed him by the collar
And put him out below.
I'm fond of little Tippie
And liked to have him there,
Alas, I learned discretion,
When t'was late beyond repair.
One day he killed a chicken
Of Mr. Cooke's best breed.
Ye gods avert that awful wrath
Called on him by that deed!
After that he wasn't wanted.
And oh! How cruel the ban.
Off the premises of Girton,
Tip must evermore remain.
And deeds buy cruel results,
That fact has e'er been known,
So dogs as well as men,
Must reap what they have sown.

L. T.

Miss Larkin at Cranford rehearsal—"Poor Peter, his father canned him for home boyish prank."

It's the best way to do it—"Shakespeare at first worked about the theatre, for example, holding the horses in front."

Katherine Crismond, English III.—"Druids established monasteries in England."

Janet Fisher at Cranford rehearsal—"And it is to your credit that you never made caps and bonnets without a pedigree!"

English History examination—"Christianity came into England throught the back door from Rome."

Another History paper—"Shakespeare is dead but his repetition is still living."

History paper—"Christianity began to decline when Protestantism was introduced into England."

Still another—In a history test paper a member of the class showed her intimate knowledge of "Popish Plot" by calling Titus Oates the leader of the Polish plot.

Miss Bailey in English IVB.—"Now Gladys, explain this to me. It's very hard for me to understand."

Gladys McQuatters, blankly, "Me, too."

Alice Bothwell at Girtonian meeting—"Why did you name Clara Hollis, Mars?"

Ellen Montgomery—"Last night I dreamed that I died and was buried alive."

Miss Bailey, solemnly—"Gray, being gray, is gray."

Betty Holmes, studying Milton in English—"Is Areopagitica a bug?"

Gertrude Richardson, rushing into her room—"Oh, Max, lend me your physics; I want to write an essay on hygiene."

Miss Shepherd—"Now remember that 'cheese,' 'kase' is always strong in German."

Stella Taylor at Cranford rehearsal—"Heat it and it will take the poor man's leg off his mind."

LATIN I-B.

Tridirum ites fecerunt et geuavain, in oppidum hostium, pervenerunt.

T.—"Explain the syntax of *Genavam, Helen.*"

Helen S.—"*Genavam* is the accusative of going some place and getting there."

Inquiring physician to Miss Closson, alone and unprotected in his office—"Did you bring a teacher with you?"

—Collected and lamented by the Girtonian Board.

Class Roll

A is for Amy
The sweet Southern lass
She holds a high office
As head of the class
B is for Beo
And S is for Starr.
The pink in her cheeks
May be seen from afar.
C is for Calisch,
And L for Lucile.
With Dramatic Expression
She does a great deal.
D is for Dorothy,
Who never can shirk
As a constant reminder
Her last name is "Work".
J is for Julie
And Cahn is the rest
But by the name "Hippo"
We know her the best.
K is for Kelly,
Our true Irish lass,
There's nary a joke
That she can let pass.
M is for Maxie,
Who cannot be beat,
Whatever the menu,
She's ready to eat.

J is for Janet
Our musical girl
But other than that,
She's an athletic whirl.
C is for Cecil
Another Musician,
To get A in Algebra,
Is her ambition.
M is for Mona,
A tall stately maid,
With the cares of a nation,
Her shoulders are weighed.
E is for Ellen
The girl with red hair,
That this book is published
Is due to her care.
R is for Ruth,
And as to her fame,
It is best indicated,
By "Noisy" her name.
S is for Sara,
And M is for Meyer.
In athletic achievements,
None could rank higher.
B is for Blanche
We really must sigh,
That so brilliant a person
Must always ask "why"?
C is for Clara
Who gives us the blues
When she comes every month
To collect the class dues
R is for Ruth,
Supreme in her state,
To tell you the truth,
She likes her roommate.
P is for Phyllis
Our young vocal shark.
When she tries to sing

Even angels must hark.
A stands for Alice
A clever young lass
She's the only "real artist"
We have in the class.
B is for Becky
And B is for Brown
So here's a good cheer
For the best girl in town.
L is for Lois
Who writes up this verse
Her one only thought is
"They might have been worse."
E is for Emily,
But vain the endeavor,
To put into words,
Why she is so clever.
F is for Florence,
Who from Evanston comes,
And ever, anon
Is her motor car comes.
G is for Gladys,
Who's noted for clothes.
She wears a new gown,
Wherever she goes.

Calendar

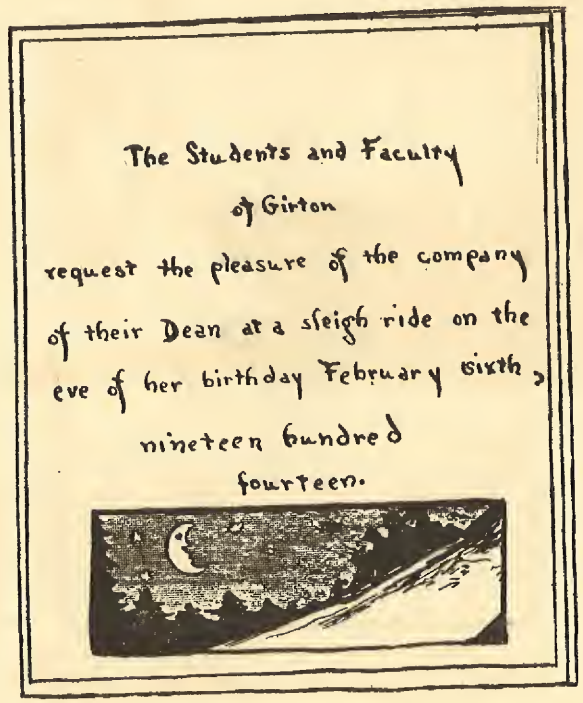
September 25—A constant rush of girls.
September 26—More of the same.
September 27—Yet more of the same.
Sunday, 28—"The heavens opened and the floods descended," —especially Harriet's.
September 29—More of the same.
September 30—Apples our only consolation.
October 1—Darkness came upon the face of the earth." "And then there was light"—Candle light.

October 7—Mrs. Wing sings in Knollslea.
October 15—Miss Branson introduces the subject of student government before the boarding department.
October 18—Miss Larkin's recital—all are dramatically inspired.
October 19—Election of Senior Class officers—nobody knows.
October 20—Student government adopted by a vote of 35 to 5.
October 24—Senior reception—tea and cakes.
October 25—Voting begins.
November 1—Margaret Clinch entertains Juniors. Deadlock.
November 5—Miss Julia entertains boarding department.
November 8—Eighteen girls have luncheon at Hull House.

November 10—Day girls petition for Student Government.
November 13—Mr. Cooke's birthday celebration. Voting.
November 21—Sophomores entertain Freshies at Priscilla Mac Ilvaine's. Deadlock.
November 26—Bags and bundles leave Winnetka at one-nine. No voting.
December 1—Bags and bundles return to Girton at eight-ten. Voting.
December 5—Bach recital by some of Miss Sherman's pupils. Deadlock.
December 6—Elections in day department. Becky president and Mona associate president.

December 10—Doll show and Christmas carols. Voting. Mona elected president.
December 11—Boarding department sings to Lake Michigan.
December 12—House warming of new gym. Masquerade.
December 13—"Dicken's Christmas Carol"—Becky wins eternal fame.
December 15—"Just three days more!" Packing!
December 16—Harriet goes to Montana. More packing.
December 17—Trunks packed and checked. Episode closed Home!
January 1914—
January 5—Rush begins again!

January 6—Mrs. Firman, Head Resident of Firman House tells of her work to boarding department.
January 10—"Noisy" appears in her gee-goshes!!
January 17—Senior informal. Counter attraction—Madam Butterfly.
January 18—No church!
January 23—Many week end trips!
January 26—Program for Junior prom!
February 3—Leicester becomes commercial.
February 4—Everybody cramming.
February 5—Exams.
February 6—Miss Branson's Birthday. Sleigh ride. Eats at tea shop.



February 7—Faculty recital in Knollslea.
February 8—Fudge!
February 9—"I know I flunked in German"—Harriet begins to flood us out.
February 10—We know the worst.
February 12—Gym is transformed into a valentine. William, Juniors, and Freshmen decorate.
February 13—Friday, the Dance!
February 14—A dozen girls go to "Disraeli."
February 20—Lincoln-Washington celebrations in gym.
February 27—Faculty recital.
February 28—Thirty-five visit celebrated Black Hand case in Judge Landis' Federal court.

March 6—Petition for play.
March 7—Junior Class pays its honest debts, with the assistance of the ladies of Cranford.
March 18—Father Frances tells of his work in Waukegan. $126 is raised by girls and faculty.
March 25—Glee Club Concert.
March 26—Margaret Clinch appears in a dress fresh from the cleaners. Black looks—windows opened—she disappears.
March 28—Miss Sherman's recital.
March 29—Father Francis speaks at the Congregational Church.

April 1—Leicester arises at 5:45. By preconcerted action we omit the hymn. The bell has been surreptitiously removed. Mr. Underhill reads the "Rivals."

April 3—Piano and violin recital by the Misses Marshall.

April 4—We visit Waukegan. The Lower School presents Greek plays.

April 5—A collie comes to school; he is received with joyful acclamation.

April 9—Vacation begins!!

April 20—It ends.

April 21—Louise's Tippy kills the blue ribbon chick; hen despaired of. Tippy banished; he is hurt and grieved.

April 22—Dancing for May Revels begins.

April 29—Miss Julia Henry reads "Pippa Passes." Mrs. Wing sings the songs.

April 30—Girton is overflowing with tennis enthusiasts.

May 5—Living models on exhibition in physics room.

May 6—Contestants for preliminaries in tennis tournament.

May 7—Allotted. Groans and wails—*no evening mail.*

May 8—Recital of Glee Club and piano pupils.

May 20—May Revels.

June 7—Field day—Play.

June 9—Class Day.

June 10—Garden party.

June 11—Commencement.

May Day Scenes